

THE CALIFORNIA PELICAN



DECEMBER 1941
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BIG GAME ISSUE



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FEATURES

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*The
California
Pelican*

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**DIVING
LESSONS**

BEHIND polished glasses and chromium lined bars we once again show a rather bleary face to an unawaiting world as we blow the foam off another column of "diving" lessons . . . being paragraphed suggestions for your weekend and weekday catting sessions in the city of suckers. Don't get us wrong . . . all dives aren't sucker joints,



but we've certainly been disgusted at the tripe some of you are spending your money on.

However, we are quite pleased that so far you are far, far less gullible than the average middle-aged San Franciscan. We're kinda proud of you. For instance, when it comes to down and out jive we find you actually lining up outside Jack's Tavern in the city (Sutter near Fillmore) to hear the Saunders King quintet. You'll be pleased to be backed up in that by such as Rex Stewart, Herb Jeffries and others of the Ellington headliners who were found there jamming and listening almost nightly during their Golden Gate Theatre stay. And we still plug Jack's dinners. Dig one of those steaks. They're good like the jive.



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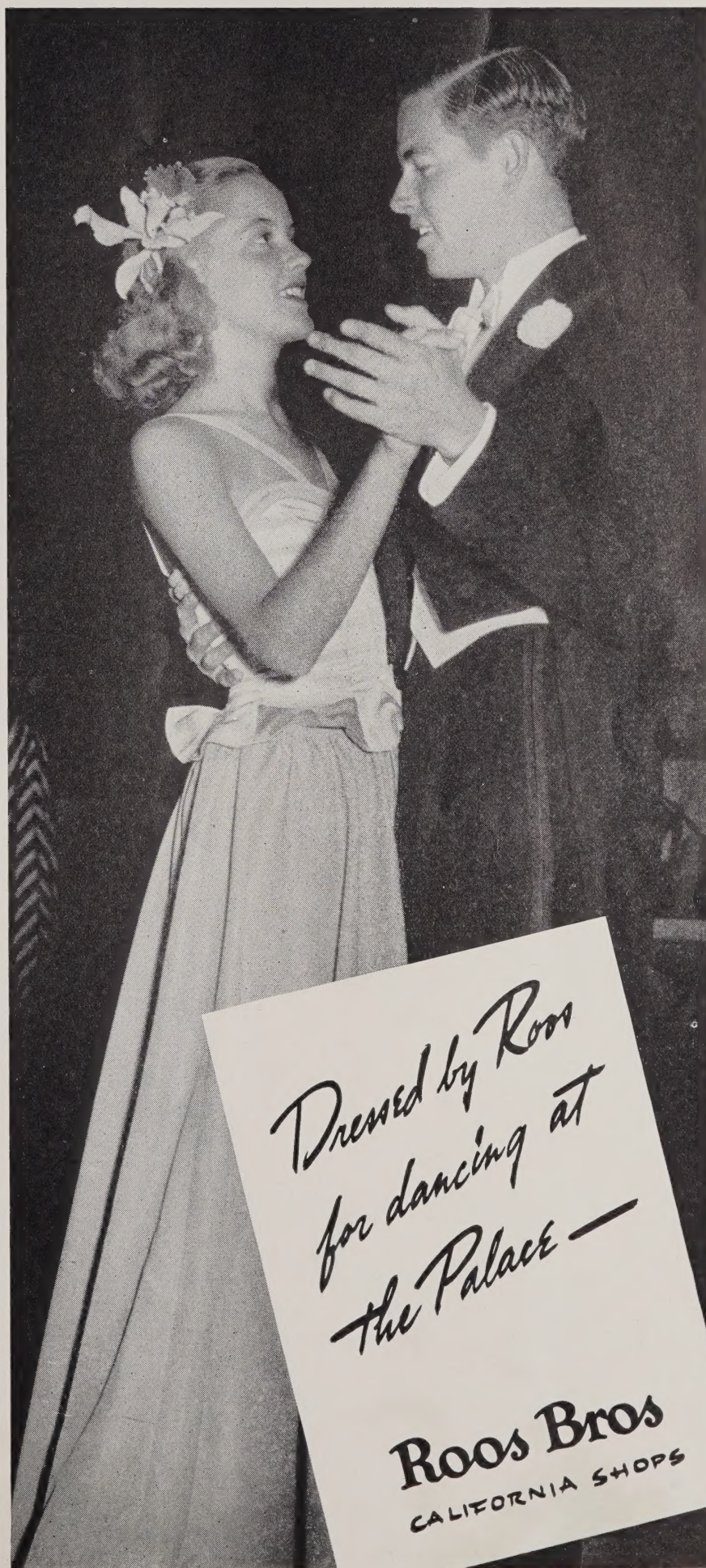
☆ **FRANK WERNER** ☆
1960 Broadway

Best deal in town these frigid nights is a seat in front of the fire at Oscars on Lakeshore. The drinks are good . . . the fire is warm . . . and the phonograph keeps talking back at people who keep talking to it out of their ruzzy glow. The only thing wrong is that things like "You are my Sunshine" keep pouring out of the machine.

There is a place in the great big old city that knows how from which people issue constantly smelling highly of garlic, liverwurst, and beer. It seems that the name is somehow connected with that of the Hotel William Tell (630 Clay). The thing is both huge and packed. Pride of the house is hot liverwurst sandwiches plus beer. Somewhere in the joint there seemed to be a flock of accordions, fiddles and player pianos. We were afraid to try the sandwiches because of our delicate appetite but were informed constantly that they are delicious. Out of the some 150 people in attendance, we are sure that we made at least 148 friends by merely stepping inside the door. The crowd is quicker than a fraternity house at glomming onto new brothers. We are comparatively sure that had we asked anyone in the place for the loan of his wallet or toothbrush the request would have been granted. We didn't. We have a toothbrush.

If you would like to buy some dandy taffy candy with a prize in each and every package for twenty-five cents, we find that there are three convenient locations. The Liberty Burlesque has lost a bit of the old drive (649 Broadway) since it is now the ace burly house of the city (they tore down the Capitol to park cars or something . . . showing how really serious the San Francisco parking situation has become). Jokes are comparatively innocent and the male leads don't wear as abundant pants or as red noses. The women are a bit more gorgeous and a bit less daring.

The Kearny (825 Kearny) puts on a fine show. The Moulin Rouge still was trying when we last looked. They find it quite simple to get along with a crew of some six women (sum total), one of whom is usually fair looking. We find it advisable to sit towards the rear in any of these suggested houses.



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Very Special Values **8⁹⁵**

Ranleigh, Third Floor

The women look under sixty from back there . . . if your glasses are dirty. And don't buy that candy the first time around, chum. The second time down the aisle you are guaranteed at least a seventy-five dollar wrist watch or a pin-sealed leather billfold with a small fortune within the folds. Hold out, brother.

El Patio (19th just off Broadway in Oakland) has a fair trio for your dancing and drinking pleasure. Boy on the drums and jibes is really fine. Seth Lloyd, ex-Cal orch leader plays sax and sings well. Biffs, across the street has a nice outfit. Sweet's Ballroom is still the best weekend dance spot in the area . . . especially now that Gary Nottingham's Bal Tabarin orch. is spotted as house band. Weekend guest band one nighters are the best

Woody's ten-cent bowl of soup is still the best campus deal. Milly Cubbard flings out a good fifteen-cent sandwich down the Telly a piece. Best milkshake in town is Fenton's Creamery (195 41st . . . off Piedmont Avenue). Cost is twenty cents and worth it. Try Swiss chocolate.

Pinball machines are interesting if



good. You'll find some dandies around the International Settlement (not in it). Donovan's also brags good choice on those. Machine gun airplanes are found at the Dawn Club or at Donovan's. They're fun. If you win on the machines at the Capri they raise the back legs higher . . . the balls come down faster . . . you don't win so much again.

Trader Vic's is still the best drink spot on this side if you like atmosphere and variety. Wear a necktie if you want to get in. If you haven't a necktie, wear a flowered shirt and they may think you're a waiter or a native. I'm sure that I wouldn't, but I'm not Trader Vic . . . if I were I wouldn't be talking to you. I'd be in my palatial mansion counting the millions of dol-

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WILSON L. SCOTT

lars which I would have about the place in old cocoanut shells. Craby Joe's is another nice spot on this side of the bay. In Oakland's tenderloin (the tenderloin of a larger tenderloin), on about Twelfth and Broadway, the place is really lovely. Sawdust, soggy



with old beer, reaches your ankles . . . squishes fondly in your shoes. A cowboy band inspires you from a balcony which is very difficult to hit with old beer bottles, and they have a very fine cop who will gladly throw you out if you become overly pugnacious.

Like the Hotel Mark Hopkins, Craby Joe's also has a sky room. Directly upstairs (one flight up, save ten dollars, spend ten cents) is the Broadway Dime Dance. Ten cents (three for a quarter from the scalpers) buys you a lovely green ticket worth one dance (at least 35 seconds) with any one of about thirty lovely girls. Said girl will call you "Honey" and offer to let you buy her a drink . . . all for the price of ten cents . . . unless you buy her a drink . . . sucker!

It really is a great life, huh?

—DIXON GAYER

THE WAR AT HOME

AUTHOR'S WIFE GETS RENO DIVORCE

RENO—Mrs. Blanche Naylor Daniell today divorced F. Raymond Daniell, New York Times war correspondent and author of "Civilians Must Fight." She charged cruelty. They married June 13, 1924.

—S. F. News

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on YOU!

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girl with a Sather
Gate formal...wear
one and see!

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CUTTING SESSION

MORE ALBUMS. Victor issues one called *8 to the Bar* and gives us some of the strongest and most exciting records made so far by the always strong and exciting Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons. These duets stack up with that magnificent twelve-inch which Ammons and Meade "Lux" Lewis made a couple of years ago for Blue Note, *Twos and Fews*; the Ammons-Johnson coordination is just as complete. *Sixth Avenue Express* is, I suppose, the best, and next *Boogie Woogie Man* and *Movin' the Boogie*, but they are all fine.

In *Louis and Earl* (C73) Columbia reissues a little more of their precious old stock of Armstrong, with Earl Hines as an added attraction. Evidently Columbia can be given no credit for the excellence of this set, since their album of *Hot Trumpets* shows little discrimination: there just aren't any bad Armstrong records made in this period (the middle and late twenties.) It is very difficult to choose the most outstanding sides in *Louis and Earl*—the famous duet *Weatherbird*; *Don't Give Me a Monday Date*, and especially *West End Blues* by the Hot Five; *Chicago Breakdown*, in which Rip Bassett beautifully backs up Louis' chorus, *Muggles* and *Heab Me Talkin' To Ya* with the Hot Seven—they are all very fine. And *Tight Like This* has long been one of my favorite records, by which I mean that I consider it one of the best of all records.

Columbia's album entitled *Hot Trumpets*, which I mentioned above, is very poor; the evident intention of John Hammond and George Avakian—to present examples of the great jazz trumpets—is defeated because the sides are badly chosen. *I'm Coming Virginia* by Frankie Traumbauer's band, featuring Bix Beiderbecke, is fairly good, and anyway there are only a few

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your coat . . . "Polo-Bear"

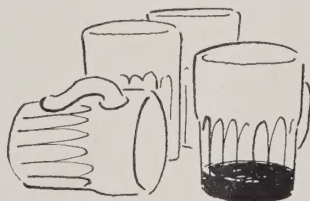
It's the answer, girls . . . if you can't have ermine or platinum fox! It's a dream in white, (sketched, 32" length). Won't spot or mat in rain. In natural, it's a "natural" for sports, street wear. Rayon satin lined. A few, full length. 12-18. (Limited quantity.)

29.95 to 39.95

C. S. & F., Coats,
Second Floor of Fashion

Bix records from which to choose. Miff Mole's *Alexander's Ragtime Band* with Red Nichols should have been omitted in order to make room for a Jimmy McPartland record. I'm sure there are records on which Joe Smith has been given more space than on Bessie Smith's *One and Two Blues*, although it is a good one. Red McKenzie's *Darktown Strutter's Ball* has the same fault; Muggsy Spanier gets only a little over a chorus. *Dear Old Southland* is interesting but hardly representative Armstrong. *Echoes of Harlem* is probably the best selection in the album, it is wonderful Cootie Williams and Ellington.

There is an album of records by an Alec Wilder and his octet; a novelty group composed of oboes, violas de gamba, harpsichords, psalteries, etc. The blurb inside the cover represents Wilder's music as a New Departure in Jazz; I could detect only the faintest resemblance to jazz in these records, and I consider this group to be the most insipid fraud since the Raymond Scott Quintet. If the record companies insist on unorthodox instrumental combinations, I suggest that they make use



of this group which I offer in all seriousness: Cootie Williams, jungle horn; Sidney Bechet, soprano sax; Meade Lewis, celeste; Sonny Greer, drums; Jimmy Blanton, slap bass; and Pops Foster, Bob Haggart and Israel Crosby, bowed basses.

The singles are scarce again this month. Bechet's *New Orleans Feet Warmers* give two good sides, *Texas Moaner* and *Limehouse Blues*. The personnel consists of Bechet, Charlie Shavers, Everett Barksdale, Wellman Braud and Manzie Johnson. (Victor 27600)

Art Tatum plays simply and effectively with Joe Turner shouting the blues on the gully-low *Lucille* and *Rock Me Mama* (D8577). They're very real and very good.

—STYLUS

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good fortune and flattering
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* 92½% wool, 7½% rabbit hair

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Big Game Day

Our Casual
Clothes Are
Just Right
For "the
Game" Or
For Campus
Wear . . .

Don Young
1870 EUCLID
NORTH GATE

THROUGH M G M WITH GUN & CAMERA

WHILE we were in L. A. last month with our three sophomore women, we got time between glasses of milk to go out to Hollywood.

We used our influence with a former PELICAN editor who is now a very big man with Loew's Inc., to read the scripts and see the rushes of three pictures which will get to Berkeley three or four months from now. Of course we were sworn to absolute secrecy, but our readers come before our honor.

First we'll spill the dope on *Eternal Rhapsody*, a heart-warming love story just chock full of pathos and rich heart-warming emotion. Charles Boyer is a struggling young musician (it took him five hours a day to make up for the part) living on *soupe aux haricots* in a garret in the *Quartier latin* and attending the Conservatory, where he is studying the oboe. Irene Rich (who spends six hours a day on makeup, the extra hour being for Welch's Grape Juice) is the beautiful young daughter of Jean Hersholt, the kindly old oboe professor who recognizes Boyer's genius and starts him on his career by getting the conductor of the Paris Symphony to try him as fifth oboe. In a heart-warming scene he proposes to Miss Rich, who is really responsible for his getting the job, and in the next scene we see them kneeling in a church while the organ plays and Mr. Hersholt provides an oboe obligato (lots of fancy shots of Boyer through the grillwork and Irene Rich through the lace mantilla which belonged to Boyer's grandmother, Maria Ouspenskaya). Boyer immediately becomes the idol of five continents, playing the concerto written for him by his composer friend Robert Benchley, who owned the pair of bedroom slippers that they shared in their garret days. (Benchley's part is awfully funny; he is soused all through the picture.) He comes to America, where he achieves the greatest triumph of his career as sound-effects man for



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Li Po's features Cal tunes as you like them—

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can learn
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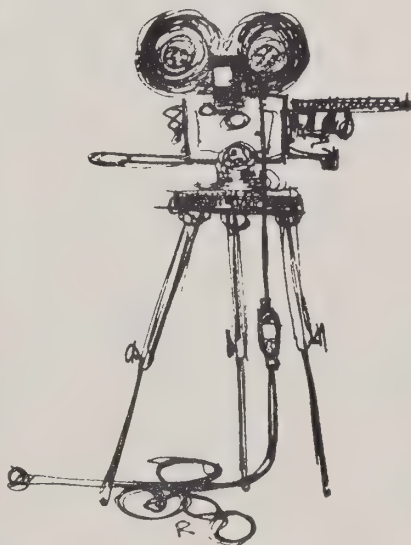
Quick - Change REVERSIBLES \$12.99

One of these mornings you're going to wake up and find it's raining. Then you'll be lucky if you have one of these good-looking coats that's rainproof, roomy and rarin' to go. Button on the hair-protecting hood so that it matches or contrasts with the coat.

Other reversible \$10.99 to \$16.99

—Little Money Shop, Street Floor—

a full-length Disney picture. Irene Rich meanwhile has drifted into the background (shot of her in the middle of the enormous living-room of their penthouse, wearing Boyer's grandmother's mantilla and answering Boyer's fan mail). Boyer keeps staying out nights with the siren (Rita Hayworth) whom he met at the preview of the Disney picture. He starts to dissipate; his makeup takes less and less time. In a dramatic scene his wife pleads with the Hayworth to give him up and save his career, who however just laughs and laughs and rings a buzzer, at which Boyer walks in in his pajamas. Hurt, his faithful wife returns to her kindly father (who is now oboe teacher at Los Angeles High.) Boyer goes to the dogs in three minutes of very effective montages against the background of a wailing oboe playing his concerto off-



key. He drinks so much that at last he is no longer able to moisten his lips and thus loses his last job as snake-charmer in a cheap carnival. He is too proud to go back to his wife, but Benchley discovers him at last in a San Pedro dive. "He made me promise I wouldn't tell you, but I think you ought to know," he confesses to ever-faithful Miss Rich in a heart-warming scene. She rushes to San Pedro with a motorcycle escort, and in a heart-warming scene they walk out into the good pure air as the sun and the music come up.

Thrills, Action, Drama, Suspense galore abound in the epic of the Dem-



PUNGENT PIPE PUTS PA IN PICKLE

—but he's out of the dog house now!



LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH! One wallop and that smelly old briar will be no more! What's the neighbor saying? "Switch to a mild tobacco like Sir Walter."



LOOKS LIKE THE START of a happy ending. Ma's in love with Sir Walter's mellow fragrance. And Pa's delighted with the cool, rich flavor of this burley blend.

**KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE
WITH SIR WALTER**

This NEW Cellophane
tape seals flavor in,
brings you tobacco
100% factory-fresh!



UNION
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Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**
Every Friday night—NBC Red Network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

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Luscious-ly Soft Cuddly Snow Coats!

and for over Formals, too.

They're new . . . they're cute . . . and they're CUDDLY! These coats of alpaca pile are just the thing to go flying off through crisp winter snows—they defy Jack Frost with their loose warm snugness.

45.00

Others finger-tipped length \$29.95

2000 BROADWAY
OAKLAND

ocracies' sea and air might, *Submarines with Wings*, starring Robert Taylor as the dashing young Rhode Islander in the RAF and Madeleine Carroll as the beautiful young daughter of the submarine captain, C. Aubrey Smith. They meet in a London blackout, when quite by accident he knocks her into a gutter. By the flash of an exploding bomb he sees her beauty, so he grabs her and in his dashing Rhode Island manner proposes to her, only it turns out she has slipped away and he has caught an air-raid warden. The next time they meet is when their taxis collide; annoyed, she slips into the traffic when he proposes again. Then as he is chasing the spy down the pier (he has been on a secret mission to hunt down Peter Lorre, the brains of the Fifth Column, all the time) he knocks her into the water. He dives in to rescue her, not knowing she is a Channel swimmer; when she sees who it is she shudders,



in her clear English voice, "I knew it would be you!" But he catches up with her, and keeps ducking her until she promises to marry him. By now she loves him. But her father insists that she marry his junior officer, George Sanders. The submarine goes off to duty and Robert Taylor goes back to chasing Peter Lorre. One day in a bomber, Lorre, who has stowed away, covers Taylor with a gun and orders him to fly to Germany; but in a dramatic scene quick-thinking Bob throws the Nazi off balance with a dive, over-

The California

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Luxurious is the word for these lovely quilted robes. Gay little flower patterns on rayon crepe background, of tea-rose, blue or white. The wrap style, full sweep skirt and long sleeves spell comfort and warmth. Sizes 12 to 20.

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Negligees, Second Floor

powers him, and beats him until he reveals that Sanders is a Nazi agent too. Meanwhile Sanders has drugged C. Aubrey Smith and obtained command of the ship. He sights a British aircraft carrier and orders a torpedo fired at it. In a thrilling scene, quick-thinking Bob, who is flying overhead and sees what is going on, pulls a power dive down to the very surface of the water and deflects the torpedo with the landing gear. C. Aubrey Smith awakens and has Sanders put in irons, and gives his blessing to Bob's and Madeleine's marriage as soon as he gets back on land. Bob becomes the first American to receive the Victoria Cross, in a moving scene in which King George, played by King George, says that we are all cousins and must stick together. In the final scene the lovers embrace against



the background of flaming London. "Promise me—you'll love me—as long as there's an England!" she whispers passionately. He kisses her, as the searchlights form a gigantic V.

My *Borrowed Wife* is the very latest thing in sophisticated comedy. Cary Grant is a bachelor who has lied to his boss, Eugene Pallette, that he has a wife, because Pallette doesn't advance single men, thinking they are not settled enough. Unexpectedly Grant's boss wires that he will spend the weekend with him at his mountain cabin. Grant thus has only four hours to get a wife. Melvyn Douglas, who has just married Irene Dunne, arrives to spend his honeymoon in a nearby lodge, turns out to be a fraternity brother of Grant, and is thus persuaded to lend him Irene to pose as his wife for the afternoon, it being under-



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When you hold this magnificent Flame Grain Kaywoodie in your hand, you realize that you are holding something that comes as close to actual perfection as it is possible to come. The rare "Flame Grain" markings reveal the age of the giant briar burl from which the pipe was made: 200-to-400 years! Briar of this age and size comes only from the last great forest preserve of briar—on the other side of the world. Only Kaywoodie offers you this priceless Flame Grain briar.



Observe the difference between the rare 200-to-400 year-old imported briar burl (the size of a large pumpkin) and the ten year burl (the size of an apple). The sweet-smoking qualities in the briar are in direct ratio to the relative age of the two briar burls.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
New York and London [In New York
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READY *for* SNOW FUN

... in slate blue ski suit lined with shrieking-red gabardine. Smartly tailored, is repellent to snow and keeps you warm as toast. 25.00

SKATE AND SKI SHOP • SECOND FLOOR

stood that they will find some way to get her out by night. Everything works smoothly the first part of the afternoon—Palette is very pleased with Cary's supposed wife. But then they go out for a hike, and Irene is knocked down a hill by a mountain goat. When she comes to, she has lost her memory, but is unwilling to admit it. Since Grant acts like her husband, she supposes he really is. When the telegram arrives that her great-aunt Minnie is very ill and she should come at once, she passes it off as a mistake. Melvyn comes over to get her when she doesn't get back to the lodge for dinner; when he finds how she is acting he almost exposes Grant, but is dissuaded, since he has given the fraternity oath. So they all settle down for the night. There are only two bedrooms. Then—but we don't want to spoil this for you. It's all in the clever, sophisticated action and repartee. *We will* tell you, though, that the boss' daughter, Lana Turner, shows up the next day and she and Grant fall in love, but he's supposed to be married already, which prolongs the sophisticated dialogue for another three reels. Asta, the dog, is also in this; he comes into the bedrooms and cocks his head and barks.

You should remember that these films were still in production when we saw them; the titles and some of the action—even some of the actors—may be changed before final release. But you'll see 'em.

—THE EDITOR AND THE ASSISTANT EDITOR

SEMPLE'S SATAN HATIN' TEMPLE (Abridged version)

Of the evilness of the Devil no one is more sutton

Than Mrs. Aimee Semple MacPherson Hutton.

He is really a horribly awful person, According to Mrs. Aimee Semple MacPherson.

He is rather more than ample, Says Mrs. Aimee Sample.

He is flamy, Says Mrs. Amy.

He is vicious, Says Micious.

—D. W. LAW



Oh, Stanford men are gentlemen,
Parlay-voo?
Oh, Stanford men are gentlemen,
Parlay-voo?
Oh, Stanford men are gentlemen,
They haven't said "----" since Lord knows when,
Hinky Dinky parlay voo.





BETWEEN CLASSES

IN THE SMALL hours between issues we search the innermost depths of our soul, and we are afraid. We are afraid that *Pelican's* great days are over—that we are not worthy to wear the mantle of Silva and Taper and the Stofles and Law and MacDonald. We print a cartoon or story that strikes us as unusually funny in a subtle way then sneak around to the RBR to watch reactions, and the best we get is a blank stare; the worst is—but we don't talk about that. In spite of the Eshleman Hall rules, there is handwriting on our wall—a dictum of one of the departed Great: "SUBTLETY IS THE LAST RESORT OF THE MEDIOCRE". In a 100-point Caslon bold.

All this is none of your business, dear Reader, except to help you understand our feelings on first looking into *The Californian's Hellican*. For this notable publishing event confirmed the fear that has gnawed at our vitals all semester, that we had met our masters. From the beginning we recognized the rich vein of humor running through the *Monarch's* editorials. Fabun's jeremiads against the wickedness of Ex Committee—Furth's diatribes against the rooting section—what unforced irony! Hilarious! Envy prompted all our malicious remarks; now that everybody is a psychologist we might as well admit it was just a defense mechanism. *La farce est jouée*, as we say in French.

No hard feelings. *Le Pelican est mort; vive le Hellican!* We will be glad

to offer Messrs. Fabun and Furth advice on technical matters, such as the subtleties of make-up, and the inadvisability of cribbing witticisms from such obvious sources as Dorothy Parker. They're welcome to our padded office, files, women, and bed included. All we ask in return is to be allowed to finish out our days on the *Daily Cal*. We're not very funny, but we *do* understand the war.

ANOTHER notable publishing event, one that made us very happy, was the debut of *New Rejections*. We were never in sympathy with the palace revolution that threw the literati out into Eshleman Court and oblivion and made of *Folio* the egregious

compendium of crud that it is, or was. Faithfully through the years we have kept a candle burning at the shrine of the departed *Grizzly*; and lo—*bosanna! resurrectus est!* (Albeit only in 100 mimeographed copies.)

In 50 words, we like *Grizzly-Rejections* because there is always at least one very dirty story in it which we can read with a clear conscience, knowing that it is Something Significant in Literature. And the Poets—ah! the Poets! With their complicated difficulties: tangent to the circle of their grief, or subtler narrowing to clenched despair, they move prismatic like to die, in lesbian isolation and opaque desperation. Frightened, no doubt, by an aborted hierarchy of waters, or a castrate hierarchy of wind-hewn face. More!



HOLLYWOOD, home of drive-ins and 24-cylinder cars, has a culture all its own. It also has a most remarkable cuisine. This was graphically demonstrated in the Coop the other day. A Los Angelino, whom we spotted by his high-drape pants and mauve necktie, walked into the upstairs cafeteria, and casually ordered a nut-burger, a species of fruit not too well known in Metropolitan Berkeley.

The attendant, hearing his order, looked up in horror. His hand flew to his brow and he recoiled. His face blanched. He retreated to confer in trembling whispers with a colleague.

The southern lad was confused. He

couldn't understand what had happened.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "All I wanted was a nut-burger."

The waiter slowly recovered. The color came back into his cheeks.

"Oh," he said with relief. "I thought you said you wanted a BLOOD-burger."

Success Story

FROM time to time, we run across information about persons who have torn themselves away from the menagerie here in Eshleman Hall and have gone forth to become shining successes in the big, bright world. One of such pieces of information we discovered while wandering through the numerous little offices of the *S. F. Chronicle* in search of brodies in the making, when a man burst into one of the little cubbyholes and excitedly demanded to see Mr. Fred Merrell. We had heard vaguely that Fred, formerly of our own Daily Cal, was working for the *Chron-*

icle so our interest was aroused when the man said that Mr. Merrell was the absolute and final authority on a subject holding up a whole page of the next edition. Inasmuch as the secretary assured him that Mr. Merrell was out, and as he refused to see anyone else, the man had to sit down and wait. We screwed up our courage and asked him just what it was that Mr. Merrell was the authority on. It was stamps.

Subversive Element

RIGHT about now, a majority of students are making preparations for the Big Game. A small group we know of, however, has plans for the game which are somewhat different from the ordinary type. This intrepid little band intends sneaking the sections of a small, but sufficiently powerful, loud-speaker system into the middle of the Cal stands. Instead of just yelling at the referee, they hope by this means to establish much more direct communication with that worthy individual,

The California

keeping up what they describe as "running fire" comments.

This thing has real possibilities, to say the least. Rooters at last will be able to point out quietly, but none-the-less firmly, exactly where the referee has erred. Perhaps they will be able to call the referee's attention to certain of those spirited portions of the game that might otherwise escape his attention. But what we would really like to see, although it is too much to hope for this game, is a sort of "Man in the Stands" program, perhaps even with a sponsor, whereby individual rooters would be called up to the microphone after every play to give their reactions to the behavior of the referee.

Who's Who

ON THE WAY back from a convention in the East, one of our correspondents sat across the aisle from a University professor. The man next to the professor seemed to be having some trouble placing the vaguely familiar face of his companion. Finally he started the conversation by asking him if he wasn't from Berkeley. He was. Hadn't he seen him in such and such an office? He had.

"Then you must be General Barrows," he said.

"No," said the professor. "I'm Max Radin."

Symphony

OUR BETTER instincts got the best of us last week, and we went to hear Toscha Seidel at the symphony concert. It didn't cost anything. And it was most entertaining. We don't claim to know much about music, so we sat quietly through Tschaiowsky's Sixth with an expression of beatific placidity on our face. We applauded loudly, too, just like a connoisseur.

Tschaiowsky was fine, but the high point was the amazing Mr. Seidel, who put his heart and soul into his rendi-



"You know, you grow on a person, Mr. Pepperdine."

tions in a manner that defied the law of gravity.

When he started playing, he swayed gently from side to side, entranced with the music. But then as things got hotter and the boys really started to dig that jive, he began pitching with alarming violence. When he reached a crescendo at an angle of 45 degrees to the left, we couldn't look.

But when we opened our eyes he was still right side up. We watched, fascinated. It sort of hypnotized us. Seidel seemed to have achieved complete nirvana. He was out of this world. He swayed, he rocked and rolled. He did the impossible. He was wonderful.

We think his shoes were nailed to the floor. Either that, or he borrowed Buck Rogers' de-gravitator.

Facts

JAMES THURBER'S *Is Sex Necessary?* is in R.B.R. on the restricted list for students in the Marriage Relations course.

Those engineers who are always mumbling about the shortest distance between two points will be interested to know that cars number 6 and number 5, leaving Bancroft and Telegraph at the same time will arrive at Broadway and Telegraph together.

Binge

STORIES of celebration binges always amuse us. The ones we like best are those when the subject goes completely under and then tries to reconstruct the actual happenings of the night before.

One campus publication big shot is still wondering what happened last year when he woke up with the surf gently laving his feet at the San Francisco beach. His last recollection before waking up was holding a half-empty glass in a bar in Chinatown.

We asked him why he didn't consult his comrades for the answer to his enigma, but he says he doesn't remember who they were. It seems they were new-found, but deep and sincere indeed.

Our latest story comes from a friend who recently returned from Hawaii,



"Got the lineups?"

where he was working on national defense, making good money, and having little to do with it. So one evening, on slight provocation, he set out to establish a record in binges, and it ended rather oddly.

There is a great lapse in time from his next-to-last recollection, tying his shoe at a fiery bar in lower Honolulu, to his last one, waking up late in the morning, lying on a fish net in a little Japanese boat in the harbor.

As if this weren't enough, he found a fine set of false teeth lodged in his back pocket. He is still trying to decide whether he was fooled by his lack of muscular coordination into thinking that another set of teeth was necessary, or whether a companion, in a moment of intense comradeship, gave them to him as a token of appreciation.

If you know any better ones, come in and tell us.

I House Festival

THE last few weeks have been full of a number of things, among which has been the International House Festival. A friend of ours who lives there was roped into taking a part

which involved being dressed in a white powdered wig, a black patch upon his cheek, pale blue breeches and coat, a fine linen stock, and the inevitable lace at the throat and the wrists. Altogether, he looked quite elegant, but when he entered the Great Hall a number of people gathered around him and had a good deal of fun at his expense. The next morning he confessed that the ordeal had not been nearly so bad as had been supposed. What had really bothered him, however, was the sight of his uniformed ROTC captain in the corner, staring at him.

Sneezes

A GIRL we know is wont to oblige with a "*Gesundheit!*" when anyone sneezes. The other day one of her beneficiaries did not reply with a "*Danke schön*", but instead remarked testily that he didn't think she was very patriotic.

"O. K., then," she came back, quick like, "God bless you, and America, too." We recommend that this formula be made official by act of Congress—might tack a rider to that effect on the next Lease-Lend appropriation.

THE CARDINALS ARE PURIFIED

"WUNK," I said, a bit wistfully perhaps, "I used to go to football games as a freshman. What jolly times we had! The colored ribbons; the fireworks; the carefree give and take."

"Waddaya want, Pint-Pot," snarled Wunk, in one of his better humors.

"My A.S.U.C. card," I said firmly, my chin quivering only just a little.

And so, after a bit of chaffering, he agreed to let me use my card, in return for the extended loan of my Petty Album.

I JOINED the crowd surging toward the stadium gingerly, deeply aware of the six eggs in the cuffs of my soph jeans, grown sadly tight of late years. The many pockets of my hunting coat bulged with blue H&S balloons, magenta scotch tape and other necessities. Cramming my rooter's cap over my eyes I strode manfully up the hill. Damn! I had forgotten those eggs.

I entered the gate unchallenged; the rooting section loomed before me; someone yelled, "One more in the middle," and I smiled to myself. Slipping

on my brass knuckles I sidled down the row. I stepped on a foot; the owner apologized. I reached the center, prepared to resist rolling to the last man . . . and there was the empty seat.

I sat there quietly for awhile, trying to regain my faith.

"The Rally committee," I exclaimed tentatively, "stinks."

People on either side recoiled with expressions of loathing.

I looked at my fellow rooters in pained surprise. Were these the witty louts I once had known; the Sturdy Golden Boors of Yesteryear?

I reached for an egg; someone caught my wrist, and I peered up into the prognathous face of a Rally Committee man.

"Watch it," he whispered, "One more chance."

No chaos, no mayhem, everyone was watching the game. Our team was penalized. Ten yards, the dirty . . . but what was this? The yell-leader held up his hand and each removed his cap and held it to his breast. A minute of silence was observed.

I was stunned; I looked wildly around. Maybe I was in the Stanford

section by mistake. But no, there they were, our rooter's caps. But different too, all twisted and curled like last year's fashion nightmares, not a one worn downright down over the ears man-style.

It was fourth down; we were on our own 25; punt formation; suddenly out of nowhere a 72-yard pass and we were over for a touchdown. There was an expectant hush; I saw several men adjusting microphones. Then the head yell leader held up a large sign "Applause." Instantly the mighty voice of the rooting section broke forth. An ocean of sound rolled out across north Berkeley. A seagull caught in the up-draft was carried far out of his course. Here, I thought, is the real thing. Inflating my lung I bared my fangs and brayed with the best, with absolutely no regard for my weak tonsil I gave my all. Sound rose from me in ever increasing decibels.

Suddenly, as I caught my breath, I realized that I was alone. The yell leader held a card marked "Silence" and people looked at me in a marked manner. Four brawny fellows were quietly converging upon me.

Oh, the hell with it, I thought, and caught one of them with a large tomato. With a deft twist I sent a long magenta streamer fluttering down into the band.

"The Rally Committee stinks!" I screamed.

As they bore me off, I managed to unlimber the rest of my artillery and so departed in a maze of flying eggs and floating strands of pink.

THE next day I found a note in my mail box.

"You are one of us," it read, "come to ——— and ask for Joe next Sat."

I got there a little late that Saturday, and as I came up the stairs I could hear the announcer on the radio—

"Offside penalty on California."

I entered the room; there they were. White shirts, rooters caps over their ears. There was a common inflation—

"One—two—" they screamed. A large chunk of plaster fell to the floor.

"Three—four—" I joined them happily—

—DICK TABER



"I hear crime pays nowadays."

LOVE WALKED OUT

FROM TIME TO TIME my admirers reproach me for causing so much suffering by shunning women light eight o'clocks. I try to tell them why I must, but they just won't listen when I say it's on account of doors. They prefer to think of me as the melancholy relic of a tragic romance.

Maybe it's better that way. But really, it *is* on account of doors. If I allow myself to get just the least little bit entangled with a woman, the time will come when I have to escort her through a door. Most men can cope with this, just as they can cope with the department-store book clerks or Freddy Martin *vs.* Tschaikowsky. I envy them. I can't.

The theory of it is simple enough. The gentleman holds the door open for the lady, who precedes him through it. I can even master the *practice* when the door opens *toward* me. But it never does. It is always an oaken affair commonly described as "massive", with a devilishly efficient door-closer at the top. Now when I approach this object, I am always on the wrong side of the woman. That means I must about-face and walk around her (a gentleman never walks in front of a lady), while she just stands there, sneering, like as not. If she isn't, she will be when I try to force open the door from where I'm standing six inches from the hinges, without enough leverage to budge it. I thought you were a *man*, she silently shouts while I grunt and heave.

Hazards of this kind have led me upon occasion to fight it out on the original line, *i.e.* not maneuver around the obstacle, but push the door open from the wrong side in the hope that there won't be a closer on it. In perhaps one case out of ten there isn't, but then there is something fragile which the door hits against and breaks. The other nine times I am left holding the door open and the woman is obliged to crawl under my outstretched arm. After that it is all over between us.

And all this has to do only with *simple* door-opening. When it comes to *complex* doors, such as the tandem set of swingers at I House, it's no use even

trying. (In regard to those particular doors: long before I finally gave up women, I learned to enter the Zoo via the Bazaar entrance, which surprisingly opens outward. This has the drawback that you must buy the woman a coke at least, but I assure you it's more than worth it.) The most harrowing installation I have ever encountered was in the apartment house where I lived last summer. The outer door opened inward and was hinged on the left; the elevator door, ten feet inside, opened outward and was hinged on the right. This meant that after I had negotiated the front door—here the fact that the key was on a chain attached to my trousers made things even more discouraging—the whole intricate evolutions had to be repeated immediately; for the right side for the front door was the wrong side for the elevator. And then there was the elevator safety grating. I had to hold the door open with one arm and pull back the grating with the other, wait for the woman to get in, then try to disentangle myself. Usually I got

my fingers caught in the bars. Even when I didn't, I always found that the woman had got herself into a position necessitating more maneuvers on the way up. At my floor I had to pull back the grating and try to open the door from the side next the hinge; and since elevator doors are equipped with extra strong door-closers, I would often begin to weep, at which the woman would press the down button and I would never see her again.

An understanding counsellor suggested that when I went out with women I might take them only to places equipped with doormen. This worked for awhile, but now they are all picketed and my heart bleeds for the masses. Besides, my troubles with coat-and-hat checking were getting acute.

All that was left to save me was the electric-cell-operated door. On my last date I made the rounds of all the Foster's Lunches in the City. I was very happy, but my lady friend of that evening has since grown distant toward me. She was the last one.

—W. I. MATSON.



"How much bail do you think I'll need?"

THE HEEL'S SOUL

THE MAN had just told me a dirty joke that was really funny, so I bought him a drink and introduced myself. "My name is Joick," I said. "W. Joick." I extended my hand, cocking my head to catch his name.

We shook. "I'm J. W. Glift. Jim Glift. My friends just call me Jim." I smiled and turned back to my drink. It was a few minutes before the significance of the thing sank in. Then I spilled my drink in horror, and looked at my hand. It felt unclean. I was on my feet, staring at my companion.

"Jim? You're Jim?"

His eyes were shifty and yellow. "Yeah," he said nervously. "I'm Jim."

Could it be possible? "N-not *the* Jim! The guy in the song?" I hummed a few bars of it.

He cast his eyes down toward the floor. "That's me," he mumbled. "And oh, if I ever get my hands on that dirty, squealing ratter that wrote that song . . ." He made a squeezing motion with his hands. "Some guys just can't keep things to themselves. I'll treat my women the way I want to treat 'em."

My vision was obscured by a sudden red haze. "You dirty heel," I shouted, and smashed him in the mouth, knocking him against the bar and onto the floor. I began to kick him in a frenzy of righteous indignation. "You beast! That poor girl—What you made her go through! And you . . . you're boozing around in bar rooms while she's still carrying the torch for you! Never bring her any pretty flowers!" A skillful kick broke three of his ribs. "I certainly don't know why she's crazy for Jim. You're a miserable specimen of a louse!" I gave him a concussion with the toe of my boot. "I'll teach you not to fill her weary hours!" I jumped up and down on his legs, until I heard the bones snap and splinter. All the customers of the bar, who had been

listening to our conversation, applauded my actions vigorously, and the bar-tender gave me a free beer.

"A beautiful job," he said. "If I'd known who he was I would have done the same thing. That guy is about the lowest thing in the world."

"Oh the heel . . . the heel," growled the other customers, and began to spit on Jim's limp form. Someone went into the back room and got a rope. "So, he wouldn't bring her any pretty flowers, wouldn't he?"

But I stepped in. "Let's not string him up, yet. Perhaps we can do something for that poor girl. Remember, she's been cooped up waiting for him while he's been out where the lights are bright. We could at least bring her some books or something, and maybe take her to a show and buy her an ice cream soda. Give her a good time, once in her life. The poor little bird in a tarnished cage!"

After a while Jim came to and we burned the soles of his feet until he gave us her name and address. Her name was Martha Glitz. We took up a collection and drew lots to determine who was to go and brighten up the poor creature's dreary existence. I was the lucky one. As I left the bar, Jim was moaning weakly for water. The bartender gave him a glass of salt-water.

She lived in a rickety apartment house, on the third floor back. I rang the bell and a voice, sweet and gentle, told me to come in. The room was very dark, and I could make out only indistinct masses of form. Her voice came from one corner. "What do you want?"

I explained my mission. "You poor little thing, I said. I've come to make you forget that heel, Jim, for one evening, at least. You're going out with me and have a wonderful time. We'll do the town, and you'll have everything money can buy. Dinner, a box at the best show in town, then a round of the night clubs. How does that sound?"

Martha turned on the lights. "Sugar



The California

boy," she squealed. "That sounds terrific! I ain't been out in ages. That damn Jim . . ." She cursed foully for five minutes. "To hell with him. Honey lamb, I'm ripe for the plucking." She smiled seductively, showing two rows of misshapen fangs, still bloody from the raw hind of beef she had been gnawing on when I came in. She must have weighed four hundred pounds, and it looked like solid muscle. Instinctively I stepped nearer the door.

"Now wait, darlin'," she said, "and I'll get me ostrich plumes outa the moth bawls." She looked at me sidewise. "You know, I could go for you. I been here by myself a long time . . . Before we go, why not come over here and hold my hand a minnit?" She was smirking.

"Gotta see what time it is," I mumbled, and fled—not stopping until I reached the bar. The customers were just jerking up the slack on the rope around Jim's neck. I leaped on the table and cut him down, then addressed the mob in ringing words.

"We've been party to a great wrong," I said. "Jim here has done no wrong . . . there is no crime he has committed but the crime of being an average human being." I went on in a similar vein, rising to the highest heights of impassioned oratory clearly showing his innocence. I was magnificent. They were soon in tears, weeping uncontrollably. We bore Jim to the hospital like a wounded hero.

Poor Jim. He never completely recovered from the beating we had given him. His legs, you know. But we're making it up to him. I have dedicated my life to make his path easier, to ease the awful weight on my conscience. And so, as long as he needs me, I'll go on carrying the crutch for Jim.

—WARREN COLESCOTT

"PIC"

Covering the Entire Field of Entertainment

OFFICIAL NAZI REPORT ON
ROOSEVELT'S FOREIGN POLICY
AND AMERICAN PUBLIC OPINION

Next week burlesque houses.



Filtby Furth's Fable

"The Daily Californian also joined the battle for clean living in the rooting section with an editorial. ' . . . Dirty, rotten, loathsome, perverted, debased, four-mouthed purveyors of strident invective.' adding that the rooters would 'blush from ear to ear' if they weren't hidden by the anonymity of the Section."

GORDON FURTH AS QUOTED BY THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE



WHO IS the real real Kaki? That is the question trembling on the lips of every freshman and every regent. The *Daily Californian* has just scads of letters on ice, clamoring for MORE intimate details. "Is she a playgirl? a communist? Is she going to marry Doug North? What are her inhibitions? Was she born under Gemini or Sagitarius?"—questions which the D. C. cannot answer because Catherine Lovell Henck is an ENIGMA.

Vice-president and official hostess of the A.S.U.S., Miss Henck has no time nor any desire to be a GLAMOROUS CREATURE. In fact she is a normal, wholesome, unspoilt, fun-loving little girl just like any of the rest of you. She even puts her hair up on curlers and can dress in five minutes if necessary. Kaki is far prouder of this fact than she is of being California Woman's Skiing Champion and a member of the state team, a shark at tennis, or having broken the local bowling record with her score of 256. ("It was only an accident" she insists with the modest engaging smile of her news photos.)

If you want to hear about Kaki's terrific versatility, don't ask *her*! Just cue the other Tri-Delts. With sisterly fondness they will assure you that in spite of being Calif-Wm's-Skiing-Champion-and-member-of-the-etcetera, Catherine Henck is still normal, wholesome, fun-loving, etcetera.

Not that she is, of course, the same little school girl of San Bernardino High who wore bands on her teeth and was all that a Sealbearer implies. No, there was a period in which the butterfly emerged from the chrysalis. A rather naughty mischievous little but-

KAKI

terfly, too! Proof that Kaki was the very worst pledge in her class is the incident of her bringing a whole smelly shark home from Zo I. Another time she was almost juggled for building Big Game bonfires. Mad lovable pranks, you can see!

Then there were dates, dates, dates—every night of the semester. Is it any wonder that her butterfly wings began to droop with fatigue and ennui—that she turned at last to more serious endeavors? Life must have meaning—mustn't it? And so Kaki, challenged by the slurring innuendo that sorority girls weren't gutty enough to get on Housing Board and to stick it out, GOT ON AND STUCK.

This was the move that made Catherine Henck what she is today — THINKER and FIGHTER. It brought out the pioneer, early American stuff in her—and in some way Kaki is just an *old-fashioned girl*. In other ways she is very, very modern and progressive. Always she is enigmatic. See.

Morrie Glickfeld, 1940 head of Welfare Board, was a great influence at the moment when Kaki desperately needed direction. She says now with simple and charming gratitude, "Morrie was a great influence."

All of her Housing chums used to jolly Catherine about not being destitute, about living at Skyforest—which is a winter and summer resort one mile from Lake Arrowhead, and about sleeping in a room at the Tri-Delt house with Venetian blinds and an adjoining sun deck. Kaki took this ragging with her gallant chin u-p, smiling bravely, though it hurt. Luxuries mean very little to her in the last analysis. In fact she used to wear the same beautiful plaid coat to school week in, week out, until Doug and Morrie and some others threatened to burn it. But they didn't actually. They were just having fun with Catherine. (ed. note: Kaki and Catherine are the same person. K-A-K-I is the official Tri-Delt spelling, no matter *what* you think.)

Always always Kaki's ambition was to be head of Housing Board (except for the time when she wanted to be an actress). She had no political aspirations whatsoever, even though her

mother *was* president of the Associated Women Students at this very university. But it was the most natural thing in the world for someone to say, "Why doesn't Catherine Henck run for V.P. of the A.S.U.C.?????"

There was no good reason why she shouldn't, so Kaki marched about from place to place, speaking unpretentiously, fearlessly, ever wholesome and lovable. On the one hand she fought charges of being too conservative, of being a "red hot" on the other. Meanwhile the Tri-Delts scuttled about busy as a troop of smooth little beavers.

Winning the election has not altered Kaki, except to sober her a little more—even—perhaps. She is a woman of moods. Sometimes when everything seems dark, Miss Henck feels that her executive work is ineffectual, disillusioning. In other moments she realizes that it is worthy and invaluable experience. Then she pitches into everyone, you can bet. "College," says Kaki Henck, "should be the practice ground for democracy!" She has said this often enough that no one can doubt her sincerity.

About the future she is not quite so positive. Perhaps there will be a graduate year at Smith. She is almost certain to go into Social Welfare eventually and to do BIG THINGS.

Marriage? Our readers are always so interested in this evokative question. It is one dear to the heart of EVERY-GIRL. But what kind of a man is the ideal mate for our Kaki? Will her restless, eager, ambitious soul ever find THE RIGHT ONE?

PELICAN thinks she will. "Children, 3 or 4 of 'em," said Catherine Henck decisively, "are a social responsibility of the educated classes." She is so earnest and so socially conscious even about children: "I intend to marry, and yet—" Her voice trailed off to a wistful whisper. What she really wants and deserves is a fearless, intelligent-liberal, housing-minded genius who is also a skiing, bowling, tennis star and he-man like Brother and Papa Henck. PELICAN wishes dreamy-eyed, real-human Kaki ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD. We will watch almost paternally.

—MARGARET WHITE

The Stanford Primer



. . . is for Athletes.



. . . is for Beer.



. . . is for Carillon.



. . . is for Decency.



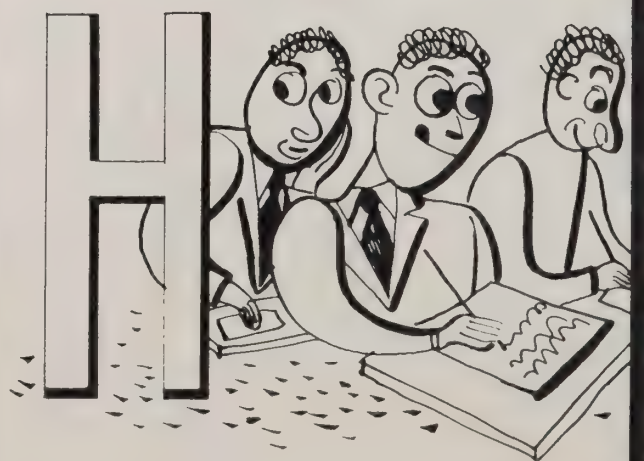
. . . is for G. O. P.



. . . is for Football.



. . . is for Gentlemen.



. . . is for Honor System.



. . . is for Indians.



. . . is for Jukeboxes.



. . . is for Kissing.



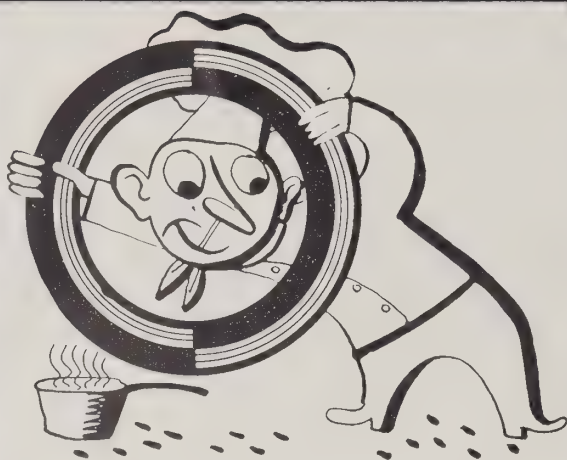
. . . is for Limbs.



. . . is for Mammon.



. . . is for Nothing.



. . . is for l'Omelette.



. . . is for Petting.



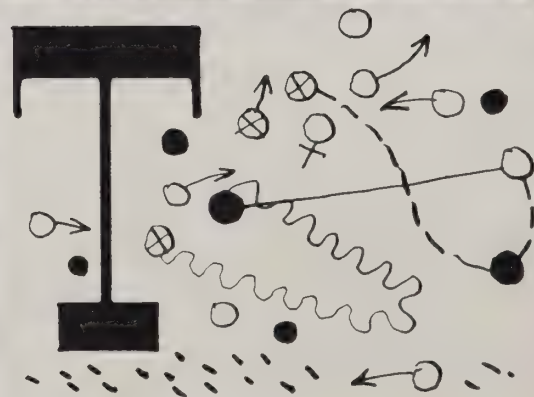
. . . is for, . . . well.



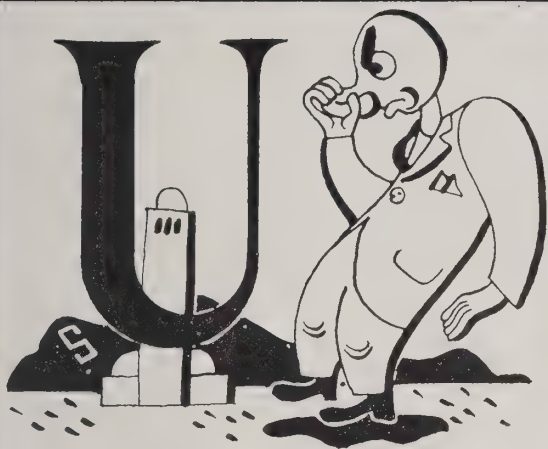
. . . is for Raiders.



. . . is for Frustration.



. . . is for Foolishness.



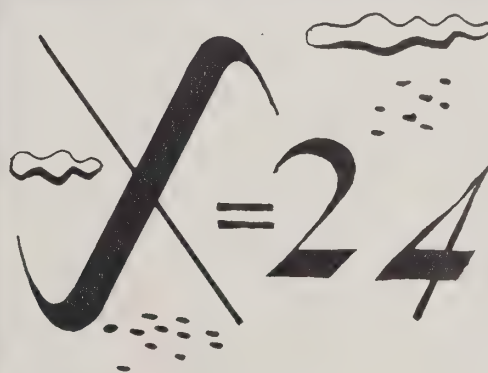
. . . is for You.



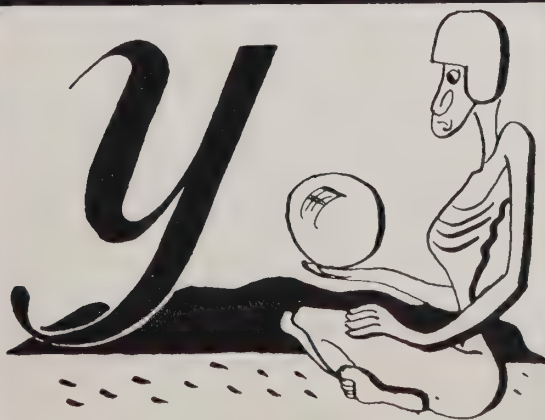
. . . is for Victory.



. . . is for Ray Lyman.



is the 24th letter in the Alphabet.



. . . is for Yogi.



. . . is for Zero.

THE EXCURSION

I MET the lady osteopath in a Huehuetzinco at a dance in the honor of General de Gaulle. He was absent, but she had come. With the German consul. She had white hair and a lot of Irish patriotism probably because she wasn't Irish.

It was a lovely party including a lady who liked to push people off balconies, who pushed a lady she didn't appear to care for off a balcony without even spilling her drink. She spilled the other lady's however — indeed, she spilled the other lady. By the time her husband had got them apart the Law had arrived and began with admirable decisiveness to take him to jail, which was difficult because the Law was smaller and the wife kept pulling the other way. The Irish lady criticized the Law to me, because I was handy, and then we danced and she criticized the English and the local water supply and several other things including my dancing. And I said yes, because I didn't want to spoil the party.

Well, the lady osteopath hasn't anything to do with this story, which is about a dear friend of hers whose name I can't remember who nearly killed me. The l. o. and I were in a museum a few days later criticizing pictures. We were on the borrowing and advice-taking terms of an early friendship and she suggested that I might like to go that evening to Vera Cruz with a dear friend of hers and fight off bandits without charge. The dear friend (whom she had just met yesterday) was going to meet her dear husband, and I could see the fortress and the mosquitoes and get back as best I could. "Of course she drives like a fool," said the l. o., a remark which I gayly dismissed. We went over to the hotel and found the lady with the husband, only we found her with someone else's husband. It was all very jolly—she would love to have me go with her, but she had just met her old friend, Mr. — "I never can remember your name, dear!" . . . and wouldn't be ready to leave until morning.

So she honked at me at 7 a. m. and I

left a note for the cook, who had to walk five miles, not to bother to come that day, and we started for Vera Cruz. Without her old friend whom she seemed to have forgotten. The lady osteopath waved at us and said Vera Cruz wasn't worth going to anyhow.

As we drew out of the markets ringing Mexico City, my pilot set a modest pace of eighty-five miles an hour, crying "There's a boat for Yucatan at six tonight. If my husband doesn't come, let's try to make that." I said the ruins might be interesting, but that her husband would come. "He can't possibly make it before seven," she carolled, speeding up just enough to dent her fender on a man who wasn't quick. We both looked back, and she decided he must have limped all along.

She was asking me about a special use of the subjunctive when she turned the car over. Fortunately, there was nothing to hit but a ditch twenty feet deep and some pine trees, one of which came through the roof and nearly through me. We crawled out: I was sorry to see that she was still able to, and the motorcycle police caught up with us. Then lots of people came, some of every kind of people except for three women who were cutting brooms with their babies beyond the clump of pines. They moved a little farther off.



She took it naturally, and with an air of having done so before wrote a note to a man who would take care of everything. It said with admirable objectivity "The car has turned itself over." Then she went on to Vera Cruz with some tourists asking me to just wait for the wrecker, and leaving me a banana and tangerine after some little dispute. And in order not to waste the entire day I drew a picture of Clement Hernández of the Twenty-First Battalion of Rio Frio, a sad young soldier who had been driven up with several of his fellows to guard the wreck—the least portable thing one could imagine. He was sad, I discovered, because he hadn't seen it happen.

Then I ate my banana and tangerine without offering him any and walked

over to the three women who were cutting brooms. One of them wore two straw hats, and a naked baby. The baby grinned at me lewdly and hit me with a broom. All the time people were stopping to photograph the blood and going away disappointedly. One man photographed the soldiers and his own automobile with a Michigan license plate and then came over and wanted to photograph the baby. His mother held out fearfully, but capitulated at the sight of twenty cents and handed over her child to execution. She was startled to get it back. As the man drove away I asked why she had objected, and she explained, "They say the female *gringos* see them and think they are cute and steal them and take them to their country — and God knows where that is."

That evening, towed back to Mexico City by the wrecker, I tried to find the man who would take care of everything. He certainly took care to avoid me. It took me a week to trap him, during which I received a card by air-mail from Yucatan asking me to be sure no one took the spare tire. When I found him he said, "Has she gone and done that again?" And he was just out of the hospital, and showed me and the lady osteopath some large and interesting scars on his tummy, which had hair on it besides. She said he ought to know who he was driving with and that he would have been smarter to see an osteopath.

—R. H. BARLOW

UNIVERSITY student studying Engineering. Earning \$2000 a year. 6 ft. tall, blond. Would like to meet attractive girl who doesn't smoke, drink or dance. (Age 22). Write description to P. O. Box 155-A, Oakland, Calif.

—Oakland Tribune

What's the matter, Ice Box not good enough for you?

Accompanying the letter was an editorial by Gordon Furth, assistant editor, in which the rooting section was taken violently to task for its rhythmic implication that the referee was born out of wedlock, a habit at football games.

—Oakland Tribune

Between the halves?

BERLIN NOTEBOOK—By William L. Dreary

PELLEY'S FIVE FOOT SHELF

(Abridged by W. COLESCOTT)



November 28

Dear Diary:

Well, what do you know. Here I am in Paris. Oh, the strange, wonderful things that I see every day. This morning I attended a riot in La Place de Revolution (I must brush up on my French). It was glorious. Just lots and lots of people were killed. But soon the mounted police came and dispersed everyone with their sabers, spoiling all the fun. So I went to the *Louver* (I must get a French dictionary) and saw some wonderful Renoirs.



March 15

Dear Diary:

Isn't it lucky that I didn't get a French dictionary? 'Cause here I am in Berlin, and it should be very exciting. A man named Hitolf, or something (must look up his name) has seized power, and it is hard to tell what he will do next. However, I will venture a prediction (remember, I am doing this in 1937, and I positively will not edit this diary when I publish it in 1941). Hitolf will overrun Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and France, until finally, in 1941, only Britain and Russia will be left fighting him. I must be physic.



July 34

Dear Diary:

Something terrific has happened, and here is the inside story on how it came about. My prediction has been aired around, ultimately reaching the ears of Ad Hitler (we're old friends now). So he paid me a visit the other day, a worried frown on his forehead. "I want to invade Austria," he said. "Do you think I should?" I told him to go ahead," that it was right in line with my amazing forecast. He practically crawled at my feet he was so grateful. That is the real story on the invasion of Austria.



August 56

Dear Diary:

Oh, that louse Hitler. Last week, after my broadcast, he sidled up to me and asked for a five dollar loan. Very generously, I gave it to him. Then, when I went around to his office to collect, he began screaming and had some of his Gestapo agents throw me out on my *erblatzenheimer* (must brush up on my German). I have come to the conclusion that this new order is a world menace and should be stamped out. Germans are animals! Wait until I tell you what some Nazi soldiers did to a poor old Polish widow . . .

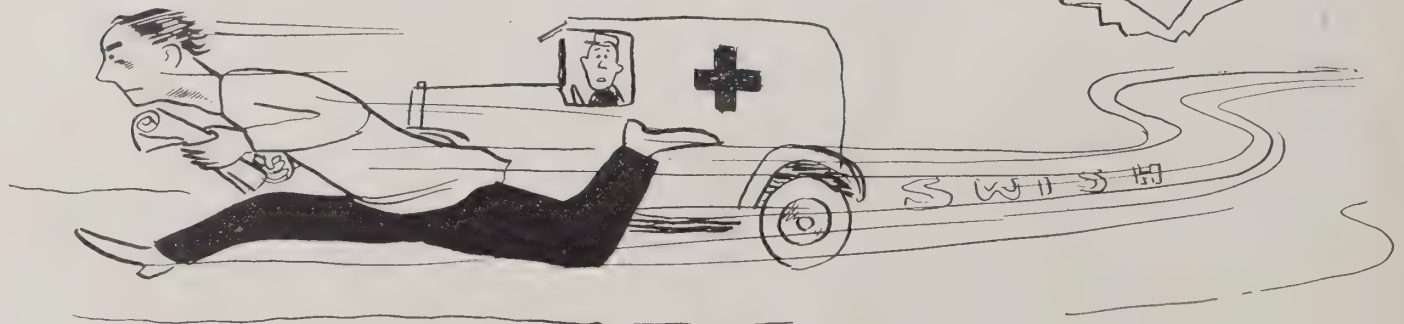
If the armed forces have not called you, do not give up hope. Every man has some special qualifications that can be of value to his country in the critical days to come. After listening to the President, 568 Senators, 89564 Congressmen, 1056473839 news analysts, and Earl Browder, Pelly knows our fate. The invasion is but a matter of days. Herewith Pelly shows what your job is when the Nazi horde arrives in the land of peace and plenty.

PSYCHOLOGY STUDENTS



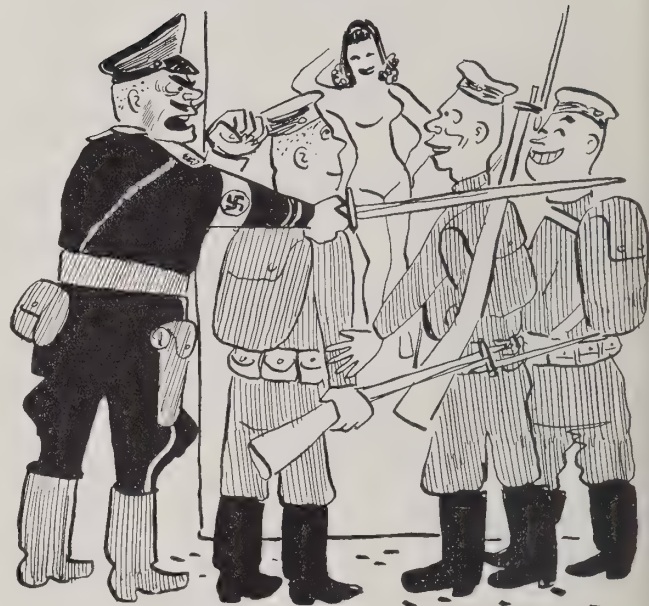
Capture the advance Nazi units by exerting the superiority of your trained, dynamic minds over their moronic mentalities.

PRE-LEGAL STUDENTS



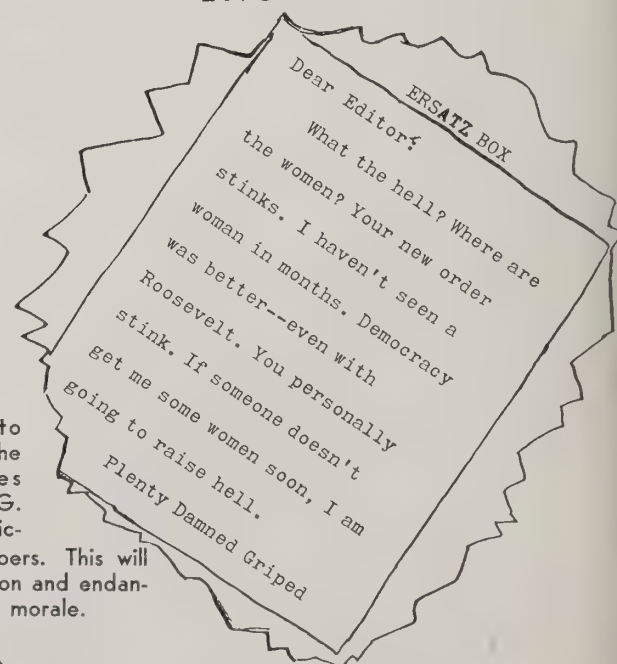
You should make excellent dispatch runners. You probably have a natural talent—and think what a wonderful training it will be for your future occupation.

ART STUDENTS



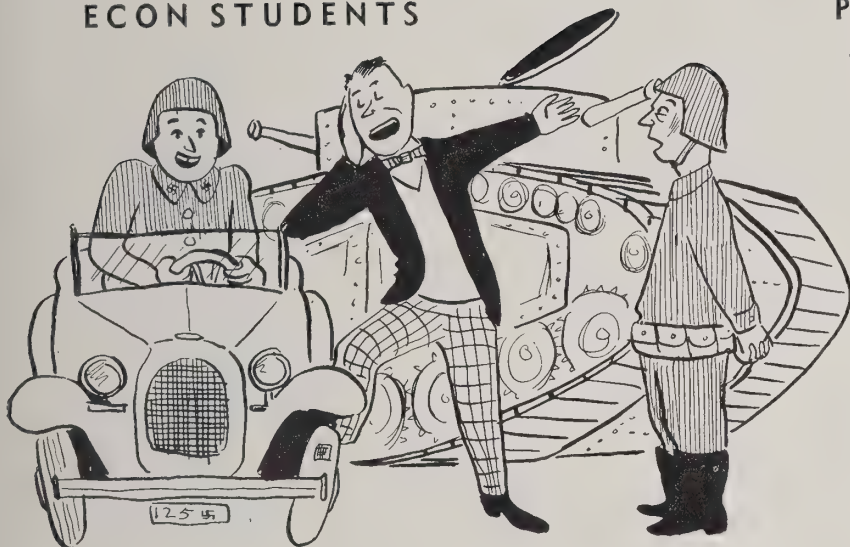
Draw pornographous pictures along the route of the invasion. This will slow the advance of the lecherous Nazi beasts.

ENGINEERS



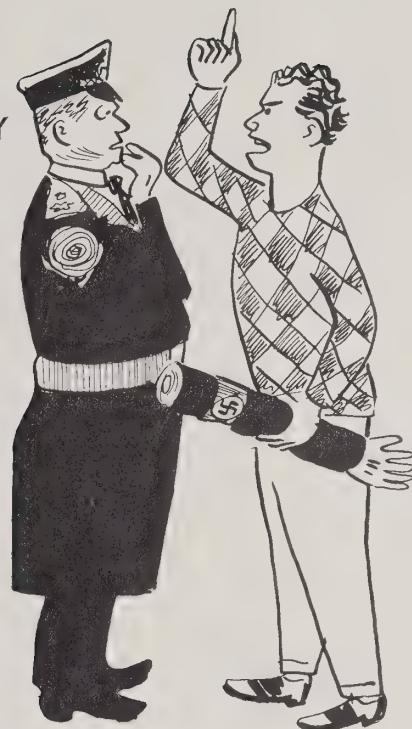
Your job is to sneak behind the enemy's lines and send P.D.G. letters to the dictators newspapers. This will spread confusion and endanger their morale.

ECON STUDENTS



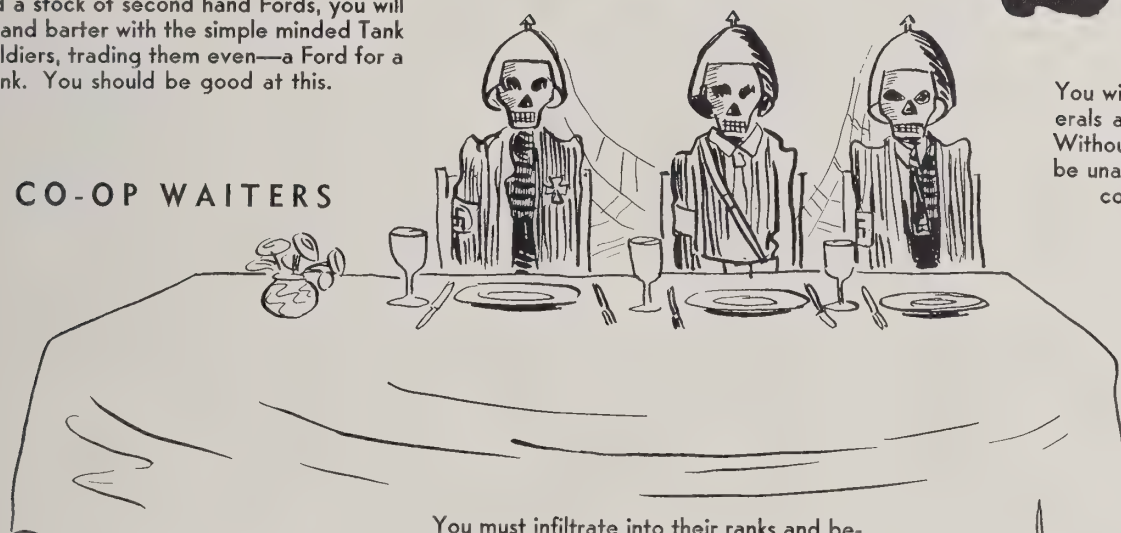
Furnished a stock of second hand Fords, you will seek out and barter with the simple minded Tank Corps soldiers, trading them even—a Ford for a tank. You should be good at this.

PHILOSOPHY STUDENTS



You will waylay the Nazi generals and talk their arms off. Without their arms they will be unable to draw maps, and confusion will reign.

CO-OP WAITERS



You must infiltrate into their ranks and become mess orderlies. Starvation is a fitting death for those murderers.

RALLY COMMITTEE



You must police the battlegrounds, making sure that the combatants wage war in a spirit of good clean sportsmanship and fair play, at all times.



ALL OTHER STUDENTS

Just grab a rifle. We're sure the army will find SOMETHING for you to do.

—Warren Colescott

PSYCHOSIS

I DON'T KNOW how it happened but it was an indisputable fact. I couldn't remember marrying her, I couldn't believe that I could be enough of a fool to marry her, but fool or not here she was. I tried for a while to think how she became my wife but it was gone, besides it made me feel sluggish, saddish just to sit and do nothing but think of her. My aversion to her was very great.

We sat at breakfast in our room. The breakfast was poor—many overdone eggs, rubber toast, vile coffee. She had just finished making it and I rather thought she was waiting for a compliment. To be sure, she had cooked it with an efficient sureness of one doing a job beautifully well. She was like that—she did things with a damnable self-conscious rightness. She cleaned house, dusted with strong, sure movements, made beds with a heavy deftness. It was funny how the room was always slightly dirty and her cooking was undeniably terrible. But she hardly seemed to realize it.

She waited for her compliment for a moment before starting her breakfast. I had started and she sensed that none was forthcoming so she too began. She ate her horrid food with the same vicious righteousness. She consumed calorifically correct amounts of the stuff. She seemed to enjoy it. She thrived on it.

I ate one egg. I could do no more and left the table. She said nothing but frowned minutely between her eyebrows. I went to the other end of the room and picked up a pillow my wife had propped artistically against the leg of a table. I hated that. Her sensuality was unbearable. She was only content when everything was as much like a bed as possible. She never actually used these pillows—she sat on the beds which we used also for couches—but she wanted to. No one else would get down on the floor with her. She was extremely unattractive and no one ever really did anything she wanted them to.

I tried to make myself comfortable with the pillow in the oak rocker. I turned on the radio and there was a nice voice blue with:

"Love is not flower not lover not bower not mother—

Love is naughtless but to the loveless—"

Her song was short and she did it several times reducing and reducing until the lyrics and melody were fused in rhythm. It was very pleasant listening to her. My wife intruded with, "You had better dress; the University will be here shortly."

I had forgotten and her reminder shattered my humor. The class was going to be held in my quarters today, and I dreaded it. The apartment was by this time quite dirty. My wife began her cleaning. She attacked the beds viciously. They fared fairly well, but by the time she had finished all the furniture in the apartment was covered with dust. She dusted and it rose in clouds settling again on the furniture. She swept. It dirtied the place all the more. In an admirably short time she had thoroughly covered the room. "There," she said, not with little smugness. The place was only slightly less messy than when she began.

I could hear the students coming so I slipped into a coat and combed my hair; I also mixed myself a drink to calm my nerves. My wife had changed into a pale, rather dirty, blue hostess gown, and she had braided her hair into her neck knot. She had put on not enough lipstick, wrong color for her, too, and far too much powder. It lay dead on her broad features.

The professor came first. My wife affected her charm, greeted him, and passed him on to me. I rather ineffectually took his coat and showed him where the bathroom was, where he went and didn't come out for a half hour.

The students came and soon the room was quite full. I went to the kitchen and mixed cocktails. The liquor supply was slim, so I insured against shortage by mixing them weak, except mine which was doubly strong for fortification. I passed the first round, mixed more and more. Finally, no one's glass was empty and the students no longer gulped but sipped.

Everyone had split into groups and

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were carrying on heated conversations. My wife had wandered around the room being too gracious. Everyone seemed cordial, and even friendly, to her. She stayed with each group as it suited her, then slipped to the next, dominating each in turn. I didn't particularly care for the conversations that were going on. They were nearly all political or economic, theoretical to a point, then suddenly viciously factual. I couldn't keep up with a conversation. My theories were all too vague and my facts meagre. Besides, the people in my house were little more than polite to me.

The professor suddenly came out of the bathroom, marched to the middle of the room and began to lecture rapidly in a high squeak. Binders were opened and the pens began to fly across the page taking down everything he said in neat, admirable characters. He was talking about civilization, what it would have been like if Frederick the Great had married. He talked very fast and, although I did, no one else seemed to have any difficulty keeping up with him. In fact, several people seemed to be getting ahead of him. Two people finished his lecture 20 minutes before he did—then a third. They snapped their binders and went into the kitchen for a drink. My wife, who had been sitting in the corner knitting a very messy long thing, rose and went with them.

No one paid the slightest attention to the noise they made but went on writing down the professor, anecdotes and all. The noise had distracted me and I began to get behind. I was trying frantically to catch up with him (I began skipping the anecdotes) when the four came out of the kitchen. They wanted to play bridge.

"I don't play myself," said my wife, "but my husband plays the bridge card game. No one else has finished, and it really doesn't matter about *him*."

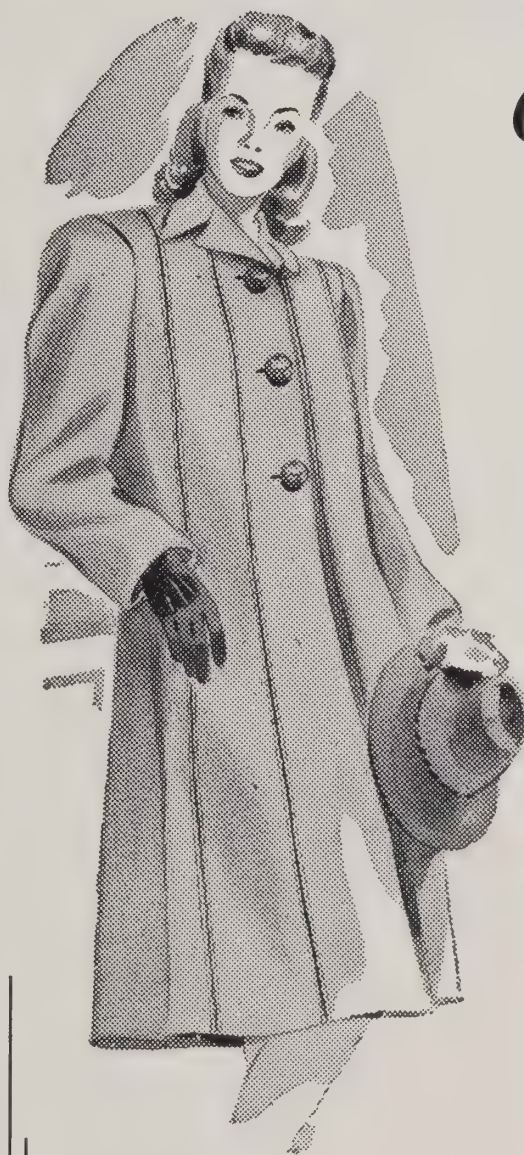
At this slur, I became furious. I couldn't contain myself. I said to my wife as calmly as I could, although my voice shook: "I am very busy with this. I will not play bridge and not you nor anybody else can make me do it." I should not have said it; I gave myself away completely and everyone in the

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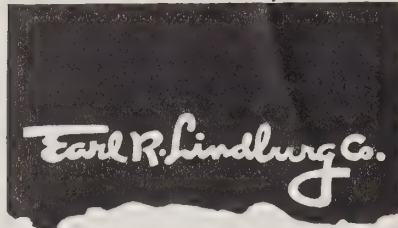
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room snickered at my *faux pas*. Even the professor paused for a moment to titter at me. I realized I had lost face so I complied as quickly as I could. The three drew up a table, cut, and I dealt.

At once the three started a heated argument about a bridge hand that had been played several days before. I had arranged my cards and was ready to bid but I hesitated to break their conversation. Finally I bid and the bidding was over with astonishing rapidity, and I was ready to play the hand. But the argument started again and the man on my left would not lead. Waiting and waiting I summoned courage and said, "Please, may I ask you to lead?" "Yes," he said and threw from a dice box six dice. The other two threw up their cards and began a dice game. I was a little hurt at being excluded but put down my cards and turned to the room.

The professor had finished, still in the center of the room. The students had gathered around him and were congratulating him. He was beaming and very red. The males were pumping his hand in a male way; several females kissed him and patted his bald spot. One inflected "Isn't he wonderful!" to the room in general. He was evidently the most wonderful person in the room, the center of attraction. Those that couldn't crowd around him stood off in groups and talked about how wonderful he was, dogmatically comparing this lecture with others. The girl students finally dominated him, set him on a couch, and fixed themselves around him. They smoothed his hair, pressed their noses against his face, gave him drinks. Someone offered the idea that he was cute. The rest took the idea and passed it to the room. "Isn't he?" they said. They decided he must be entertained. They told him stories, danced for him. One girl danced what vaguely resembled a strip tease. She took off her pearls, sweater, skirt. She gave them all to the professor. He was more than pleased. She resumed her place in the room, very unconcerned in her apricot slip.

The entertainment and appreciation stopped. The room turned its flushed face to my wife. It seemed it was her turn to offer something. She took her



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cue and went to the bathroom. Shortly she reappeared, her body wrapped in tapa cloth, tropic fruit piled high on her head. She did a stiff sort of hula and sang Aloha Oe off key. It was terrible; I was ashamed of my wife. As she went on I became more ashamed, more angry that she was making a fool of herself. It was almost unbearable. She finished and surprisingly the room gave her an ovation. She had pleased them immensely with her bad performance. It was unendurable that they should be so readily pleased. "You fools," I said. "How can you like what she did? It was abominable." They turned on me, snarled at me. My wife wasn't good enough for me? Who was I to judge? Could I do any better? They turned from me and made the room swing again, but everyone was quite cool towards me after my outburst. No one would address me directly, and little groups would move off as I drew near.

I was enjoying myself even less than before, if possible. My wife and the professor were gay on the couch, enjoying themselves tremendously. She had given him a pineapple and a banana from her headdress. He was dipping the banana in his drink and feeding it to her. The rest of the room was dancing or sitting close. The bridge players were still at their dice playing now with cubes big as a fist. The stakes this round were 2 strings of pearls, a sweater, a dozen boiled eggs, and a pillow incrust-ed with sorority pins. I felt as if I were going to be ill; I needed some air. I waited until no one was looking my way then ran downstairs into the street.

My street has buildings along one side only. On the other, the sandy red ground still shows. It is guttered by rain and fades off into fog. The black fog made the air cool and delicious. I leaned against a street light smoking a cigarette and looked at the peaceful black ugliness of the row of houses. They were all dark except my apartment. It shone with light; faint screams of laughter, pieces of music came from it; but it was sufficiently remote not to be annoying. It was in its place; it lent variety to the scene.

One of my apartment windows flew open, a figure climbed out on the ledge

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and closed the window with a bang behind him. He paused for a moment, then jumped and hit the sidewalk flat beside me. He moaned a little and then lay still. I ran up and down the street looking for help, an alarm box. I knocked at several doors but no one came. I did not want to go back to my room. They hadn't seemed to miss the person; no one came out and the noise went on uninterrupted. Finally I decided there was nothing I could do, so I sat down beside the boy to wait until someone came along.

He began to stir a little, opened his eyes. He sat up, shook his head and wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. I was greatly relieved. "Are you all right?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "I don't feel nearly as badly as the last time. It was just that I hated it there so much. I couldn't stand it!"

"Nor I. But I came down by the stairs. It's easier on one that way."

He was feeling better and we laughed a little at the people upstairs and his jumping out the window. We got along very well, we found, and we chatted for a while.

"Have you anything planned for the evening?" I asked.

"No," he said, "What would you like to do—a show, perhaps?"

"Fine," I said, "Margaret Sullivan is just around the corner."

And we enjoyed her very much.

—JOHN VANDENBURGH

CAL STUDENTS

WIN SOCIAL,

JOB SUCCESS

Ove Langerud '42, Norwegian student, recently fractured his leg while ice skating.

Bronislaw Honigberg '42, Polish refugee, is in San Francisco recovering from a physical breakdown. He expects to return to his studies next semester.

Jean Heying '42, WAA president, was hurt last week while skating when a nearby skater slipped and cut her leg with a skate blade.

—Daily Cal

A few more successes and there won't be any room in Cowell.



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6 OLD LIMERICKS

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quest of the Editor and Assis-
tant Editor.

A disconsolate Russian named Lowoff,
Insisted on cutting his toe off.
The sight I admit
Wasn't pleasant a bit,
But Lowoff was always a showoff.

—D. W. LAW

Four cardsharks who met at a smoker,
Were playing a game of stud poker.
One drew five aces,
Six tens and nine faces,
Five kings and three queens and a joker.

—D. W. LAW

A centipede over in Tucson,
Has trouble in getting his shoes on.
His corns drive him crazy,
But he is too lazy
To bathe them in soda solution.

—ED STOFLE

A maker of spurious jack
For ten dollar bills had a knack.
They were fine on the face
And would pass any place
Except for the "Foo" on the back.

—D. W. LAW

A giraffe named Mortimer Groat
Contracted a cold in the throat.
He whimpered and wheezed,
And snorted and sneezed,
And mumbled quote pardon me quote.

—ED STOFLE

A fish with pronounced scoliosis
And gout and liver cirrhosis
And bad diarrhea
And worse pyorrhea—
At least didn't have no neurosis.

—ED STOFLE



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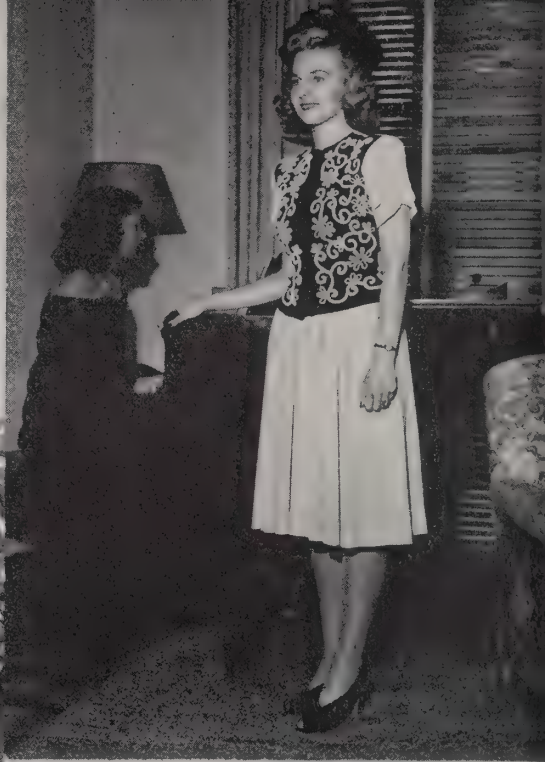
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big game touchdowns

MS. WRITTEN ON A BAT

ON COMPLETING the third (Junior) year of my College Career, the extreme vicissitudes which I had undergone during that time rendered Life (as we know it) well-nigh unbearable. Therefore, having experimented with various and sundry methods of Psychological Release and finding them all snares and delusions, I finally decided to withdraw from this sordid world of reality into one of mystic contemplation. The spot I chose for my reclusian career was Room 809 of International House.

For years this room had remained empty. Such a regrettable and embarrassing occurrence was partly due to the fact that its northerly exposure prevented any sun whatever from penetrating its gloomy recesses. Furthermore, it was situated in the farthest and uppermost corner of the building and was, therefore, several miles from the Refectory, *The Bazaar*, the Great Hall and other Social Centers, as well as at least one kilometer from the nearest sanitary facilities. These facts had effectually sealed its doom as far as its renting potentialities were concerned.

The efficient clerk at the desk was not *too* startled when I paid the room rent for three years in advance. I wore a haggard, sunken-eyed look that day—and no doubt she took me for one of the more recent acquisitions from the horrors of War-Torn Europe. With a scarcely perceptible glitter of the eye, she feverishly raked in my assembled tender (which consisted, in part, of ha'-pennies, East Bay Transit tokens and yen, in order to convince her of my foreign extraction) and hastily handed me the key to my room. Bowing courteously, I repaired to my retreat.

On stepping out on the eighth floor, such a feeling of exhilaration and confidence overwhelmed me, (for so far it had all been so absurdly simple), that I recklessly dropped the key to my room down the elevator shaft—thus symbolizing the completeness of my renunciation of the Past.

At that significant moment—Life—for me, began! The reader must not for a moment entertain the thought that

I entered this new world unprepared. Indeed—quite the reverse. The walls of my room were lined with books—Ah Books. For the most part they were philosophical in content, with emphasis on Buddhism and the works of Plato and Confucius, so great was my revulsion from the sad, bad physical world. Nor did the problem of sustenance worry me in the least. If Gandhi and the Hindu Mystics could fast indefinitely—well then, so could I. Obviously a simple problem of mind over mere matter . . .

At first, the roars from the Stadium on Saturdays disturbed the even tenor of my days—arousing, as it did, vague longings for a dim-remembered past. So also did the happy squeals and childish giggles that issued from the herd existing in the substratum below me. These misguided creatures whiled away their wasted lives by throwing bombs into the court, shooting guns off in their rooms and pouring water on each others' heads whenever opportunity offered. However, these external details gradually faded from my ken. The rude roars of the Rooting Section were swallowed up in the vast depths and stupendous reaches of the Universe and instead, my soul became attuned to the shadowy music of the spheres into whose realm I gradually passed.

So the years rolled by. Seasons came and went—blowing down the windy avenues of time—I suppose. I really didn't observe the events in themselves. Cobwebs formed a thick curtain across my door. Eventually, even the books themselves and the furniture as well became draped in them—for I soon absorbed all the knowledge that the past could contribute to my expanding intellect, and transcended their essence into the infinite itself.

Thus I sat, day after day, wrapt in a soft gray gloom with only the spiders busy about me—ceaselessly spinning on and on . . . Only once was I disturbed. The corridor maid, after trying faithfully every day for three years to get into my room to make my bed and change my towels, eventually reported her failure. The technician was then sent for. With customary dispatch, he

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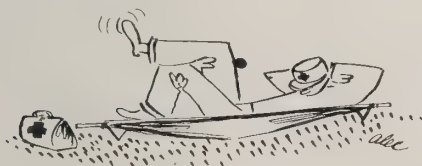
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arrived two days later and proceeded to take the situation in hand. As I sat quietly listening—shrouded in my hair, my bright little eyes darted back and forth ghoulishly—I heard the gentle swish of plaster and the dull thump of the spatula as it patted and shaped the mortar outside, sealing me forever within the confines of the four walls of my narrow cell. My only company—the spiders—were not the least concerned with this turn of events, but seemed to spin even faster than before. Nor was I . . .

In the earlier days I was wont to talk with the bats that flew from the tower at night—softly—restlessly—like the spiders. The bats I found to be intelligent creatures. Sly and crafty too. They reminded me of my erstwhile professors who had once misguided my stumbling footsteps. The noblest of them I constantly mistook for President—President—(mere names I had long ago forgotten)—tall he was—dynamic speaker. It did not matter. Everything had ceased to matter.

But the window was no more and it was long since I had spoken with the bats. The spiders had sealed it with



their grey tapestries, and ever the room grew smaller and ever the ceiling lower and nearer my head. A grey peace surrounded me, a soft grey gloom fell about me like a shroud . . . thick . . . close . . . shielding . . .

It was at this point that I strayed momentarily from contemplation of the Infinite. I became remotely concerned with the abstract speculation on the means spiders might employ to continue the spinning of their webs after every available inch of space was used up. For the life of me I could not imagine even spiders navigating in a room whose physical conditions resembled those uncovered in the excavations of the buried city of Pompeii.

Ah well—I mused as I returned to my cosmic communion—that after all—is the spiders' problem.

—EVELYN BROWNE

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NOTES ON GROOVES & RUTS

IN THE Daily Californian issue of
October 22 we were pleased to find
that Jack Vance is way over in Hono-
lulu where he can get in our hair but
seldom. We were also pleased to see
that Jackson was in fond remembrance
of our person and our likes. It is as
touching as were some of the beautiful
passages which he used to describe, some
of the crud which he saw fit to give to
the students of this University as his
contribution to their living a fuller
life. We were pleased with the column



and we were pleased to see the editorial
comment above that 'we think that this
is one of the finest (articles) of its
type that we have ever read!'

Why does the Daily Cal print and
gloat over articles which slur old D.
Gayer McFadden and then cut out all
of the nasty things we say in return
about these characters who claim to
know what is good music and why
Gayer is such an unintelligent charac-
ter? Thank God for the Pelican as an
outlet for our pent up emotions. Here
and only here waves a free and noble
banner. We can say that Vance stinks
and Loretz stinks and it will not be
cut. Therefore we say 'Vance stinks,
Loretz stinks' and, lo, it is not cut.

We fail to see how Mr. Loretz and
Mr. Vance can continue to say, in all
personal righteousness, "these old rec-

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ords released in 1928 are plenty good stuff. Everything else is punk, except maybe Ellington and he's poorer than he was several years back. The people of today don't know what's good. Why look, there are a good fifty or sixty of us here in town who feel that this old stuff is the berries. Why are all of the other thousands wrong." We don't get it. We like some of that older work and we like it a lot. But, we see a lot of worth in present music and we find that something in us will not respond to that constant whirling of Dixieland. Are we subnormal, or could it possibly be that Jack and Erwin just have a different concept of what makes up jazz



music than we do? Anyhow, we love a good fight so we say in all earnestness, "Bah, Loretz and Vance should be kept in a cage. They don't know what they are about."

Speaking of phonograph records, Earl Hines and his orchestra have a really fine piece of work on the current release sheets under the title, "Yellow Fire." For the first time we felt that something besides the piano is really good in an Earl Hines release. The chordings and progressions are excellent as is the 'yellow fire' picture which they paint. The solos are all swift, lapping solos, licking out like the tongues of the flame they combine to picture. The alto leads in solo followed swiftly by excellent passages by trumpet, trombone, superb piano and finally tenor sax. The ideas are fast, passionate and sincere and the entire work finishes in a perfect portrayal of its subject. The ensemble effects are both wild and powerful. It is backed well but not outstandingly by a commercialized "It Had to Be You".

Beneath Our Christmas Tree

☆ ☆ ☆

Every year on Christmas Eve since
I was just a lad,
We've put a package 'neath our
tree—and marked it: "Love—to Dad."
Just a pound of Edgeworth—though the
cost is really small
Of all the gifts that father gets
he likes it best of all.

Now later on when I grew up, that
famous tin of blue
Appeared beneath our Christmas tree—
but this time there were two,
For I had learned, from watching
dad, the joy a pipe can bring.
And trial and error taught me, too, that
Edgeworth was the thing.

Again this year, I'm proud to say,
beneath our Christmas tree,
We're putting gifts of Edgeworth, yes,
but this time there'll be three.
For my son has grown to manhood
now, and much to my delight,
He wants a pipe for Christmas
and I'm going to start him right.

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A new colored outfit (we surmise) which shows definite promise on one side and utter boredom on the other is Doc Wheeler and his Sunset Orchestra. "How 'Bout that Mess" is the good side sporting a nice little arrangement and some really excellent solos on alto and terrific trumpet chorus on the last thirty two bars. Trumpet could be that of Erskine Butterfield if our signals are right. Avoid 'Foo Gee'. It's a rut.

Best discs of a long long time are the new Ellington sides from "Jump for Joy". Sides are "Jump for Joy", "Chocolate Girl in a Calico Gown", "No-

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thin'" and "I Got it Bad and That Ain't Good." Other bands have taken cracks at recording them, but will have to work better to improve upon the Duke. Les Brown does a very nice job on the last two above mentioned, however.

Did "Joltin' Joe Di Maggio" have to be recorded?

Our band of the year is Claude Thornhill and we continue to be thrilled and amazed by his quiet, elegant style. "Moonlight Masquerade" and "Orange Blossom Lane" are the latest.



Dick Harding vocals stand out but fail to equal his very recent "Mandy is Two" which now stands out, to us, as his best.

Once again the Count, Mr. Basie is back to par again. Band sounds fine on "Diggin' for Dex" and "H and J". Speaking of the Count reminds us of the terrific Benny Goodman arrangement of a tune by that name. "The Earl" is next of that group and is excellent. Goodman, also, sounds swell again. Harlan Leonard's band, about which we were very enthusiastic shortly back there is now a rut. Sad. Columbia reissues of Earl Hines and Louis Armstrong are all that they should be. Work is terrific. Especially that of the stars, drummer Zutty Singleton and trom Fred Robinson.

—DIXON GAYER

A young ballerina of Ketchikan
Can do eighty-nine pirouettes, she can;
Which begets such dismay
In the *corps de ballet*
That the modest young lady regrets she
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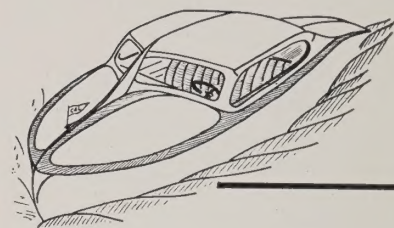
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